

NEWES FROM
BRUSSELS,
IN A
LETTER
FROM A NEER
ATTENDANT
ON
His Maiesties
PERSON.

To a Person of Honour here.

Which casually became thus publique.



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A
LETTER
FROM
Brussels.

Honest Jack,

THINE, by *T.L.* our true Post-pigeon, and (I would I could not say) onely expeditious person, was mine before the morning; and our Masters the same minute, who took no small delight therein: for he read it thrice, and is resolved (and swore to boot) thou art the first shall kneel under his sacred Sword. Sir *C.C.* has his heart, and at first view he thought of wafting thither, lest he should think his loyalty was slighted: but *H.I.* and *I.* advised otherwise, and with some adoe diverted that intent, and got him to signifie his Royal pleasure in the inclosed; which, instantly dispatch by *Minyard* way: *F.H.* has alwayes passage ready. Sir *M.M.* two hours after brought

good news from his cold Countrey ; but *Calvin* smells too rank for us to venture thither : they first betrayed his Royal Father, and after that his sacred self : nor are our fortunes now at that low ebb , to re-imbarque our all in that old-leaky-bottom. Prithee perswade *sam:* to be silent, tell him it is our Masters pleasure. Thinkest thou none knows as well as he who first conjured up this Divel , and cursed them that would not curse and fight against His Majesty in *Meroz* name : yes, we can look though through our singers : this Rebellion first bnbbled up in Presbyterian Pulpits , yet it's impollitick to say so much: we also know tis more for fear of the Phanatiques than for love to us , they now are loyal : so also it is our necessity , not choice , that makes us court them : Hug them you cannot hang, at least until you can : would *Lall:* had longer lips ; I hate to shew the teeth before we bite : we choak our Dogs with Crusts as well as Pins , no Curre will eat a Pin alone ; a blew Ribbon and a Star we know will unbecome a Rebels shoulder, but Fishes bite at baits ; he is an Asfe that angles and hides not his Hook : How most unhappy is my Soveraign Lord , that the impatience of his Friends should be as perillous to his fortunes, as the Pikes of his Euemies : we never yet well minded our next worke; he's a Fool that thinks when the Nedle's in the Thread won't follow : set then your helping hand to this, let that alone ; procure the cause and 'tis impossible to separate the effect. But he comes in on terms? and is bound up? Tush! remember that blessed line I marked in *Machia-vil* ; he's an Oafe that thinks an Oath, or any Tedder

can

can tame a Prince beyond his pleasure: *Zerviah's* Sons lived to *David's* great dislike, but 'twas but til he could kill them more conveniently: and prethee what did *Shimei's* pardon do but planch him up: they can't abide to see his house a Roundhead-hive; tis true, tis much that any can: Are you yet to learn to make Necessity a Virtue? who doubts but that *G. Borgia* did his businesse better, by lulling *Vitellioz* asleep, than to have hazarded all by the uncertain chance of Fortune; tis a Romance to think Revenge can sleep, but like a Dog, to wake at will: 'Tis true, served we a Prince that needed spurs, this humour might be cherished; but alas, we rather use all the Art and Arguments we can to rein him in; hadst thou but seen his passion when *M's Pedigree* came over, thou wouldest have said he had steel enough — Seal *Rob.* lips, I pray thee, for fear it may disserve him at dinner; 'twas, and in some degree is, too publique. There needs no Record for a Rival; yet is it laid (by strict command) next *Murrey's* Manuscript, and wil one day be reviewed; 'till then *Plantaginet's* in pickle. But I'le retain our (most absolutely necessary) discourse, for thy farher satisfaction: canst fancy, that our Master can forget he had a Father, how he liv'd and died, how he lost both Crown and life, and who the cause thereof? never Monarch yet had a memory halfe so bad: Ne'r fear, there's fire enough in his Fathers Ashes(though yet invisible) to burn up every Adversary; only our clamorous impatience would have all at once: give time, he ascends most safe that does't *gradatim*; overstraining not onely spends the strength too fast, but does endanger falling more: Remember our dread Leige

Lord

Lord (if ever guilty of an error) miscarried here; from what a hope fell he and we, for want of following S.'s advice: All or none's a Game not for a Prince to play, but Desperado's, whose fortunes rise and set with every Sun. The *Presbyter* will give up the *Phanatique*, a handsome bono to pick at first: I like it better far than all at once; excess brings surfeits: Thus half the beard they shave themselves, let us alone with t'other: Drown first the Kitlings, let the Dam that litter'd them alone a little longer: They glory they are *Orthodox*; hear, and hold still thy head, let us alone to find out fresh *Phanatiques*, and beat them back into King *Harry*'s Codpiece. We know the Sectaries had a Sire, and whose spurious brood they are; even as the Puritan was the off-set of the Protestant: *Spain*'s Attach, revive as oft as well thou canst; 'tis a good blind, and propagates our Masters Interest: *Wat* came since my last, and will not let our Lord alone, till he sees a Lecture up in Court, and Chaplains preach before him, ordained by the Presbytery: and one *Waldense* is come already. O *Jesu, Jaek!* I want an iron hoop to keep my fides from splitting, to see my poor Prince bite's lips for halfe an hour long, while that *Dulmano* begs a bleffing (as he cals it) as our Mech-beggars do their Bacon at the Farmers doors: *G.* got behinde him yesterday and made mouths, which the Puppy by an unhappy turn of his head perceived; but His Majesty seeing all, prudently anticipated his complaint, and with a Royal gravity, not onely rebuked *G.* but inniediatly dismiss't him his service.

We all made application to the Parson to mediate to our Master for *G.* his restoration, which he did : and after much intreaty , his request was graciously granted ; but not for *G.* his sake, but for his , and but on future good behaviour neither : *M. H.* and *J.* were in the presence at night, but I thought we should have split our spleenes a laughing : but by these meanes all was healed : and henceforward we are all commanded to be plaguy-godly. *H.* bid me hand his service to thee, he swears he hath horn'd 15 Cuckolds within this 14 dayes.— Mind the Militia most, talk not of disbanding, one pin naturally drives out another. *A. B.* at parting swore he would see that execrable Exit raced out ; whom so assist he may not suffer. Let *Tb.* continue his Caresses, and bid him not jeopard such broad Joques no more ; he saies she stinks of Piss and Horse-spice : *D, F, E,* and—court upon all occasions : if *M, M,* and — stand right, we ask no more, City, Land, and Sea is our own : that Reformation likes us rarely well, though we wonder he would hazard all upon such a rash adventure. Bid *phil.* and's Brother both be close; they now may list and none the wiser : we dared not let the *Nuntio* see the Sun. We hope our friends droop still, and curse him whom most they covet.— Let not thy Lady know our *Italian* tye : the Devil can't track us if we 3 keep ourtongue within our teeth. Fret not nor afflict thy self nor friend, for we resolve, the Rogues that left the Rump, shall feel the scourge that Loyal hearts lash Rebels with, as well as others ; a Roundhead is a Roundhead ; black and white Devils all alike to us.— Thinkest thou that we can breath in peace, while we see a little finger left alive that hath been

been dipt in Royal blood ? or his adherents ? No, a thought of mercy more hateful is than Hell : but Cooks may be conquerors, and a plate perform equal execution with a Pistol, and with less report. Be quiet then, let's use all art to make them take the halter tamely. Presse the speedy raising of the City Regiments. — And out the Rogue at Stern : what folly is't to think we can safely ferry while the Fleet's Phanâtieque ? This done, let our cause miscarry if it can. *Maz.* met *Wat*, and gave him sound advice. — Get Arms, but buy them not in such suspicious numbers : that if all fails, we may repair to them, and cut our passage to the Throne through Traitors blood. Farewel.

Bruffels, S. V. March
10. 1659.

F I X I S.

